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BALLYSGAGGARTMORE CASTLE, NEAR LISMORE.

SIR—Permit me through the medium of the Dublin Penny Journal an opportunity of giving the public a brief description of the situation and scenery of Ballysgaggartmore, the much improved residence of Arthur Keiley, Esq. situate one mile west of Lismore, on the north side of the river Blackwater. The porter's lodge at the entrance to the avenue, is composed of cut mountain granite or freestone, of a whitish colour, variegated with a brownish strata, which gives the whole a rich and pleasing appearance; it consists of a double rectangular building, in the castellated style, flanked by a round tower at either end, through which is a passage, and a carriage-way of twelve feet in the centre, over which is a *perpendicular pointed* arch, enriched with crockets, and terminated with a finial; the buildings at either side of the gateway, although similar, form a variety in themselves; and the situation is so disposed as not to be seen until very near the approach: the gate is composed of wrought and cast iron; and is, I will venture to assert, the most perfect gothic structure, formed principally of wrought iron, in the kingdom.* It was executed by a native mechanic, and cost about one hundred and fifty pounds.

Passing onward through the avenue, the road, which is perfectly level, leads through a beautifully romantic wood, neatly planted with all the varieties of fir, and other forest timber; and is naturally enriched by a limpid mountain stream, which, after passing over some very considerable rocks, and gliding down the glen, falls immediately into the Blackwater; over this stream, which in winter is often very rapid, stands the bridge, of which the prefixed engraving is a correct representation, consisting of three gothic arches, surmounted with richly embrazured battlements. A group of towers, embracing almost every shape and style of Gothic architecture, is erected at either end of the bridge; and the roadway leads under two very pretty obtuse Gothic arches. The greatest novelty in the whole is a round tower, erected on one of the arches. The stone used in the building has an agreeable reddish tint, and is all *vermiculated*, or, in other words, is a rusticated structure, which gives it somewhat the appearance of antiquity; this and the gate-house, was designed and built under the inspection of Mr. John Smyth.

Almost adjoining the bridge is a pretty tunnel, through which a road is conducted from the town to the upper grounds; and the avenue, which leads onward to the house, has nothing more to boast of than a continuation of neatly disposed wood and shrubbery.

E. H.

INDIA, PRIOR TO THE BRITISH OCCUPATION.

Timour was justly denominated the "firebrand of the universe"—the greatest wholesale butcher that humanity ever heard of; he plundered and massacred without distinction of religion or sex, and his track was marked by blood, desolation, famine and pestilence. Aurungzebe was little better towards the Hindoos; Tippoo Saib circumcised all the Brahmans he could get hold of, and it is said sixty thousand Christians were subjected by him to the same operation. After Abdallah captured Delhi in 1761, he ordered a general massacre, which lasted seven days; his guards were not even then glutted with slaughter, but the stench of dead bodies drove them out of the city; a great part of the buildings were reduced to ashes, and thousands who escaped the sword suffered a lingering death by famine, sitting upon the ruins of their smoking tenements. Thus a city extending thirty-four miles in length, and containing *two millions* of inhabitants, became almost a heap of ruins. The historians of the day have handed down to posterity the most appalling descrip-

* Indeed if the sketch of a Gothic gate, furnished by Mr. Loudon in his "Encyclopædia on Cottage and Villa Architecture," page 1004. fig. 1799, be the nearest he could adduce, as that at Ballysgaggartmore far exceeds it, he should give it in his next edition.

tions of human suffering, of women and men whipped naked through the streets with wanton tortures—citizens fleeing from their dearest friends, as from beasts of prey, for fear of being devoured amidst general starvation; women feeding on their own children, and infants sucking at the breasts of their deceased mothers; fire and sword seemed to contend for pre-eminence in the work of havoc and destruction; the work of war and blood was perpetual; human heads piled in pyramids, and the streets of cities and towns rendered impassable by heaps of slain; the country in many places exhibiting few signs of being inhabited, save in the bones of murdered bodies, and the smouldering ruins of villages and temples; all law and religion trodden under foot, bonds of private friendship as well as of society broken, and every individual, as if amidst a forest of wild beasts, could rely upon nothing but the strength of his own arm, or the deep villainy of his nature."—*British Colonies.*

YOUTHFUL HEROISM.

In one of the battles during the American war, 1777, Lieutenant Hervey, a youth of sixteen, received several wounds, and was repeatedly ordered off the field by the Lieutenant Colonel of his regiment; but the gallant lad would not leave the ground while he could stand, and see his brother-soldiers fighting beside him. A ball striking one of his legs, his removal became necessary; and in the act of conveying him away, another wounded him mortally. In this situation the surgeon recommended him to take a dose of opium, to avoid several hours of life of extreme torture. This he immediately consented to do; and when his Colonel entered the tent, with Major Harnage, who were both wounded, they asked whether he had any affairs they could settle for him? His reply was, that being a minor, every thing was already adjusted; but he had one request, which he retained just life enough to utter—"Tell my uncle (Adjutant-general Hervey) I died like a soldier."

THE BACHELOR AND THE HUSBAND.

I hate old bachelors on system,
I always have, and will resist 'em.
Ladies attend—your cause I plead—
And if, while these brief lines you read,
A blush of approbation rise,
Or a bright tear bedew your eyes,
That blush, that tear I proudly claim,
For they to me are more than fame.
What! wed—and be a slave for life!
Fettered by fondness!—weared by strife!—
Yes—better 'tis in marriage bound,
Trace e'en in chains its narrow round,
Or peep through iron bars of home,
Than celibacy's desert roam,
Where barren boundless heaths extend,
Without a comfort or a friend.

Comfort! we're free—we do not need 'em.
But yours is the mere outlaw's freedom.
Snatching the fierce, unsocial joys,
Of Cherokees, or Chickesaws.
Liketoad immured for many a year,
Breathing self's sullen atmosphere.
But he whom social feelings warm,
Whose bosom homebred raptures charm,
Who knows one dear companion shares
His happiness, and soothes his cares,
And reads, while tears delicious rise,
His history in his children's eyes,
By pity touched, his feelings flow,
Unfrozen by the chill of woe;
Though friendship cool, and fortune chide,
Still onward rolls the genial tide:
He feels what wealth can ne'er impart.
The yearnings of a softened heart.